

PADRAIC COLUM, EVA GORE
THOMAS KEOHLER, ALICE MI
SUSAN MITCHELL, SEUMAS O'SU
GEORGE ROBERTS, AND ELLA



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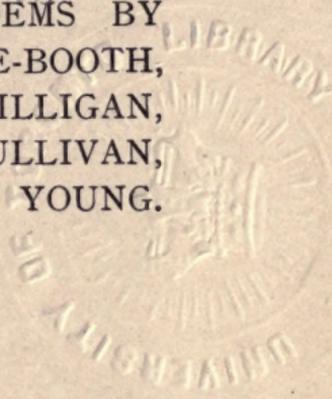


JACK B. YEATS

DRAWN BY JACK B. YEATS.

THE PLOUGHER.

~~R 965 n~~
NEW SONGS. A LYRIC SELECTION
MADE BY "A. E." ^{George William Russell} FROM POEMS BY
PADRAIC COLUM, EVA GORE-BOOTH,
THOMAS KEOHLER, ALICE MILLIGAN,
SUSAN MITCHELL, SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN,
GEORGE ROBERTS, AND ELLA YOUNG.



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Dublin, December, 1903.

The verses gathered here have been chosen from poems which appeared in *The United Irishman* and *The Celtic Christmas*, and more largely from manuscripts entrusted to me by writers too shy to venture on even the momentary publicity of a weekly paper. I have thought these verses deserved a better fate than to be read by one or two, not only on account of the beauty of much of the poetry, but because it revealed a new mood in Irish verse. There is no sign that the tradition created by the poets of *The Nation* which had inspired so many young poets in Ireland has influenced the writers represented here. Miss Alice Milligan has indeed written memorable verses, I think the best patriotic poetry written in Ireland in my time ; but, as these are to be issued shortly in a separate volume, I have chosen to represent her here by verses no less Irish in spirit and more in accord with my purpose which was to show some of the new ways the wind of poetry listeth to blow in Ireland to-day. There may be traces here and there of the influence of other Irish poets, but there is no mere echoing of greater voices, while some of the writers have a marked originality of their own. I have hardly ever performed any task with greater pleasure than the editing of these verses. I believe the little book will give some of the same pleasure to others, and that among these new writers are names which may well be famous hereafter.

A. E.

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A PORTRAIT.

(A poor scholar in the "Forties").

My eyelids red and heavy are
With bending o'er the smouldering peat ;
The Æneid now I know by heart :
I have read it in cold and heat
In loneliness and hunger-smart.
And I know Homer too, I ween,
As Munster poets know Oisin.

And I must walk this road that winds
'Twi'xt bog and bog, while east there lies
A city with its men and books
With treasures open for the wise,
Heart-words from equals, comrade-looks.
Down here they have but tale and song.
They talk Repeal the whole night long.

" You teach Greek verbs and Latin nouns,
The dreamer of Young Ireland said,
" And do not hear the muffled call,
The sword being forged, the far off tread
Of host to meet as Gael and Gall.
What good to us your wisdom store,
Your Latin verse, your Grecian lore ?"

And what to me is Gael and Gall ?
Less, ah far less than Latin, Greek.
I teach these by the dim rush-light,
In smoky cabins, night and week.
But what avail my teaching slight ?
Years hence in rustic speech, a phrase,
As in wild earth a Grecian vase.

PADRAIC COLUM.

A SONG OF FREEDOM.

In Cavan of little lakes,
As I was walking with the wind,
And no one seen beside me there,
There came a song into my mind :
It came as if the whispered voice
Of one, but none of humankind,
Who walked with me in Cavan then,
And he invisible as wind.

On Urris, of Inish-Owen,
As I went up the mountainside,
The brook that came leaping down
Cried to me, for joy it cried ;
And when from off the summit far
I looked o'er land and water wide,
I was more joyous than the brook
That met me on the mountainside.

To Ara, of Connacht's isles,
As I went sailing o'er the sea,
The wind's word, the brook's word,
The wave's word, was plain to me—
*" As we are, though she is not.
As we are shall Banba be—
There is no King can rule the wind
There is no fetter for the sea."*

ALICE MILLIGAN.

THE WAVES OF BREFFNY.

The grand road from the mountain goes shining
to the sea,
And there is traffic on it and many a horse and
cart ;
But the little roads of Cloonagh are dearer far
to me
And the little roads of Cloonagh go rambling
through my heart.

A great storm from the ocean goes shouting o'er
the hill,
And there is glory in it, and terror on the wind ;
But the haunted air of twilight is very strange
and still,
And the little winds of twilight are dearer to
my mind.

The great waves of the Atlantic sweep storming
on their way,
Shining green and silver with the hidden herring
shoal ;
But the little waves of Breffny have drenched
my heart in spray,
And the little waves of Breffny go stumbling
through my soul.

EVA GORE-BOOTH.

THE HOUSE OF LOVE.

I built for you a house of joy,
A dun close walled and warm within,
Strong-fossed without lest foe destroy
Or creeping sorrow entrance win.

The wind that wails about the world
Came with you through the open door :
My joy dun into ruin hurled
Lay desolate for ever more.

I built for you a house of dream
Fair as the pearly light of morn :
Its pillars caught an opal gleam
From skies where night was never born.

The wind that blows the stars to flame
Blew through my house and left it bare :
The beauty vanished when it came
The columns melted into air.

The next house that I build for you
I'll build with suns and moon-fire white,
Vaster than those the wind swept through
Its halls star-paved shall front the night.

Mayhap you'll come and wander there
When all the winds are laid to rest,
And find its sun-bright beauty fair
Beyond the glow in east or west.

Mayhap its radiant fire must fade
Before the wind that wakes the dawn,
The light from Heaven's heart outrayed,
When suns and moons are all withdrawn.

The wind that beats the stars to dust
May beat my star built courts away.
Let my dun fall, if fall it must—
Its glory lasted for a day.

I care not if I lose anew
Or round the wreck what winds may wail,
Since God's own dun was built for you
You are not houseless, though I fail.

ELLA YOUNG.

THE DEVOTEE.

The Autumn wind sighs through the trees,
Disturbing all my garnered ease,
The brown leaves stir a fluttering thought
With half-repent-ed memories fraught.
Dear God, how sweet the pain of sin
That opens doors to let Thee in.

How strange that Nature too should know
The ecstasy of sin's wild glow ;
How strange that in this way my soul
Should feel its union with the whole.
And yet may God not thus impart
Himself unto the seeking heart ?

THOMAS KEOHLER.

THE TWILIGHT PEOPLE.

It is a whisper among the hazel bushes ;
It is a long, low, whispering voice that fills
With a sad music the bending and swaying
ruses ;
It is a heart beat deep in the quiet hills.

Twilight people why will you still be crying,
Crying and calling to me out of the trees ?
For under the quiet grass the wise are lying
And all the strong ones are gone over the seas.

And I am old, and in my heart at your calling
Only the old dead dreams a-fluttering go,
As the wind, the forest wind, in its falling
Sets the withered leaves fluttering to and fro.

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SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN.

THE PLOUGHER.

Sunset and silence ; a man ; around him earth
savage, earth broken :

Beside him two horses, a plough !

Earth savage, earth broken, the brutes, the
dawn-man there in the sunset !

And the plough that is twin to the sword, that
is founder of cities !

“ Brute-tamer, plough-maker, earth-breaker !
Can'st hear ? There are ages between us !

“ Is it praying you are as you stand there,
alone in the sunset ?

“ Surely our sky-born gods can be nought to
you, Earth-child and Earth-master !

“ Surely your thoughts are of Pan, or of Wotan
or Dana !

“ Yet why give thought to the gods ? Has Pan
led your brutes where they stumble ?

“ Has Wotan put hands to your plough or Dana
numbed pain of the child-bed ?”

“ What matter your foolish reply, O man
standing lone and bowed earthward.

“ Your task is a day near its close. Give thanks
to the night-giving God.”

Slowly the darkness falls, the broken lands
blend with the savage,

The brute-tamer stands by the brutes, by a
head's breadth only above them !

A head's breadth, ay, but therein is Hell's depth
and the height up to Heaven,

And the thrones of the gods, and their halls
and their chariots, purples and splendours.

PADRAIC COLUM.

FROM EAST TO WEST.

Great ships glided into the port :
Surely the ships of the gods laden with dreams :
And men said " It is well ;
" They have brought their dreams to us as of
old,
And now new tales shall be told."
But the gods stood on the decks aghast :
They saw the earth an iron port,
The air a silver citadel,
The sky a fortress built of solid gold.
Then Prani said " Here is no place for our
dreams."
So they flung the great sails over the mast,
And sailed out slowly across the seas,
Till they came to a twilight land in the west
Where old unquiet mysteries
And pale discrownéd spirits dwell ;
Where the wind sings a song with a golden lilt
And the air flows by in silver streams.
There, in wild wastes of the world they built
An ivory castle for their dreams.

EVA GORE-BOOTH.

A NOCTURNE.

In memory of Marjorie Arthur.

On a night of sorrow I cried aloud her name.
God, who heard, said, "Hasten," and in my
dream she came.

She stood; I saw her clearly by the moon's
white flame;

Her eyes were sweet as ever; her voice was
yet the same.

No illumining radiance lit her girlish brow—
As in life I loved her, I beheld her now;
I smiled in joy to greet her, nor did I think it
strange

That death had wrought no change.

She bore with her no blossoms unknown to
earthly land,

No tall, white flowers of paradise, stately and
grand;

There were violets on her breast—blue violets—
And a red rose in her hand.

"How have you gathered?" I asked my
gentle one,

"In that unchanging region of never-ceasing
sun,

Where the March wind blows never, and no
rain shower ever wets,

Those little violets?"

"I have had them long," she said; "I have
loved them much,

They were the last flowers given my living hands
to touch,

And in the fevered night of pain before my
death,

Sweet was the fragrance of their breath."

“ But surely you have gathered in the celestial
land
That other flower which lovingly is kept in your
hand ?
For there is not growing here on the mountain
in the snows
Any such crimson rose ? ”

With looks of tenderest reproach my words
were met.
“ Dear, I have remembered ! Dear, can you
forget ?
Seaward, north of Derry, it fed on sun and dew ;
It was a gift from you.”

And I shall always treasure it as priceless in
worth,
God has made nothing fairer than the little
flowers of earth,
As He has no more to give in His heaven above,
Than your own heart's gift of never-changing
love.

ALICE MILLIGAN.

LOVE'S MENDICANT.

What do I want of thee ?
No gift of smile or tear
Nor casual company.
But in still speech to me
Only thy heart to hear.

Others contentedly
Go lonely here and there :
I cannot pass thee by,
Love's mendicant am I
Who meet thee everywhere.

No merchandise I make :
Thou mayst not give to me
The counterfeits they take.
I claim Him for Love's sake
The Hidden One in thee.

SUSAN L. MITCHELL.

THE CALL.

From the fireside of your heart
Where love blew the peats aglow,
I arise, I will depart,
I must go.

Peace was dwelling in your eyes,
But across my soft content,
Gleams like rays in midnight skies
Quivered and went.

I arise though blind with tears
To fare forth on the long way.
When the beckoning gleam appears
I must obey.

GEORGE ROBERTS.

THE SORROW OF LOVE.

I whispered my great sorrow
To every listening sedge ;
And they bent, bowed with my sorrow
Down to the water's edge.

But she stands and laughs lightly
To see me sorrow so,
Like the light winds that laughing
Across the water go.

If I could tell the bright ones
That quiet-hearted move,
They would bend down like the sedges
With the sorrow of love.

But she stands laughing lightly
Who all my sorrow knows,
Like the little wind that laughing
Across the water blows.

SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN.

THE REVOLT AGAINST ART.

The earth bends to her dream : the obdurate
marble serves

Her will, flowing about her soul in gracious lines,
Rose white as sunlit waves, a mystery of pale
curves

Flung up in palace walls or dreaming over
shrines.

One beauty moulds the fragile clay in many
forms,

Till men who build seem but the shadow of
strange powers ;

And the wild southern sea with all her clouds
and storms

Bends low beneath the yoke of a white host of
towers.

So doth the round arch of the blue air Byzantine
Seem but the jewelled slave of her dethroned
desire :

Yet far from the unfolding of her loveliest line
Burn the free spiral flames and cones of wind
blown fire.

I have seen broken veils of twilight folded round
A purer mystery than the rich marbles hold,
Where from of old the mountain-thronéd beauty
frowned

On carven forms divine and towers inlaid with
gold.

The austere Beauty with proud ethereal brows
Moulds not the dusty clay, thinks scorn of the
hard stone :

But through her dreams the shadows of forest
boughs

Waves o'er the towers of the world broken and
overthrown.

EVA GORE-BOOTH.

APOLOGY.

In the garden of my youth
Where the flowers' pale perfumes swayed,
Passion called me and I went
Fearfully yet undismayed.

In the garden left my dreams
Of a life that might have grown
Silently to interweave
With the spirit world alone.

Why should I thus meekly yield
At the first sound of a voice ;
At the beckoning of a finger
Rush like one without a choice ?

Could the heart that nursed and reared
All my youth's pale bloom of dreams,
Also bear this flaring foliage
With its blossoms' fiery gleams ?

Surely not a chance desire
Lent my feet the will to go ;
But a deeper thinking, sinking
To the soul of things below :

But a deeper blending, twining,
With the bright ones on their way,
And a fiercer fire divining
In the buried heart of clay.

And as peace can ne'er be mine
Until every way is trod,
With a heart sincere I go
Passion's cloud-strewn path to God.

THOMAS KEOHLER.

THE LIVING CHALICE.

The mother sent me on the Holy Quest
Timid and proud, and curiously drest,
In vestures by her hand wrought wondrously :
An eager, burning heart she gave to me.
The Bridegroom's feast was set and I drew nigh.
Master of Life, thy Cup has passed me by.

Before, new drest, I from the Mother came,
In dreams I saw the dazzling Cup of flame ;
Ah, divine chalice, how my heart drank deep :
Waking, I sought the love I knew asleep.
The Feast of Life was set and I drew nigh.
Master of Life, thy Cup has passed me by.

Eyes of the Soul, awake, awake and see
Growing within the ruby-radiant tree ;
Sharp pain has wrung the clusters of my Vine :
My heart is rose red with its brimméd Wine.
Thou hast new set the feast, and I draw nigh,
Master of Life, take me, thy Cup am I.

SUSAN L. MITCHELL.

REMEMBRANCE.

Deep in some ancient forest fragrant with
primeval dew
Two stately forest trees with intermingling
boughs we grew,
When I went fierce in gold and black, by cave
and rock and pool
And wooded way, you went beside me lithe and
beautiful.
When challenging the light exultant through
the air I sped
You flew beside me ; all the heaven was our
bridal bed.
And when beneath the soundless deep of watery
ways I went
For you I fought the hosts of ocean, proud and
jubilant.
Ah, gladly would I go again upon a way that
brings
Me here, to read again the tale of all my
wanderings
In your dark eyes that for a moment look with
love grown bold,
And droop 'neath gentle lids, half conscious of
the things they hold.

SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN.

DECTERA OF THE DUN.

Dectera walks on the height,
Red is her raiment,
Forty heifers white,
For the brooch on her bosom bright,
For the round brooch beaten and light
Were given in payment,
On the walls of the Dun on the height
She walks, she waits in the night,
Red is her raiment.

Her veil is white as the snow,
There is gold on its border.
There is bright gold clasping the flow
Of her locks to the girdle low,
Hair rings, row upon row,
And pearls in order ;
But the tears are ever aflow
Under the veil like snow
With the golden border.

Pride of her race and name
Was her undoing,
Once only and never since,
Only once came the Prince
That way a-wooing ;
Pride of her royal name
Made her cold when he came,
Pride of her father's fame
Was her undoing.

Girsha dwells in the valley,
Grey is her gown ;
Her hut 'mid the heather brown
Of birch and sally
Was woven as round to see
As the hive of a golden bee,
And milking kine was she
As he rode to the valley.

Up at the door of the dun
In the mists of the morning
Dectera walks until noon,
Watches till rise of the moon,
Waits for him late and soon,
In her gay adorning ;
But over the curve of the min
Her face grows mournful and thin,
And the eyes that he might not win
Have lost their scorning.

He dwells with his soul's delight,
Her love he's earning ;
Kept in her cottage white,
While lonely and long in the night
Dectera watches the light,
Of her hearth-fire burning ;
And through the sorrowful years
With passion, petitions and tears
She waits, but no sign appears
Of the Prince returning.

ALICE MILLIGAN.

THE LONELY.

They lift me up, they set a crown on me,
Fold upon fold their love enwraps me round :
Beyond them all, I strain my eyes for thee,
Without thy crowning, love, I am uncrowned.

Soft dews fall round me, but my heart is dry
I stand in melting sunlight, yet am cold :
Lonely across the world to thee I cry,
Here on my breast thy wandering pinions fold.

SUSAN L. MITCHELL.

A DREAM OF TIR-NAN-OGÉ.

Without, a greyness floods the skies ;
Within, a deeper greyness spares
All the pale twilight world that lies
Beyond my glimmering window squares.

I watch the gathering shadows creep
About the tree-tops, as of yore
We used to watch them, brooding deep
On some strange tale of faery lore.

The darkening branches move and sway,
The stars look through the tangled dusk
Thine eyes are there ; I throw away
The years without thee, like a husk.

We are together, and o'erhead
The trees lean close to shut us in,
The giant trees whose branches spread
Back to the world where dreams begin.

O dim and deep this forest heart
And far away from haunts of pain :
Dream-fair its shadows meet and part :
The light comes through like golden rain.

There's golden apples on each bough ;
The spreading branches gleam above.
Art thou, grown tall and queenly now,
The little maid I used to love ?

The deep recesses are aglow
With purple and with pearl-pale green,
And all about thee come and go
Bright forms that bend and hail thee queen.

I know that now we stand within
The faery land of Heart's Delight,
Where old-time heroes came to win
The Spear, the Cup, the Sword of Might.

And thou art Naive, the white flower
Of Death and Dream, of Hope and Doubt,
Immortal Beauty, for whose dower
The starry worlds were counted out.

Faint music softly swells and falls :
I follow thee, and we draw near
A deep where never storm-bird calls,
And thy boat waits us crystal clear.

Through shimmering seas of opal fire
We speed to gain the Well of Truth,
The Well that holds the World's Desire
And gives the Gods immortal youth.

Thy winged boat of diamond white,
Like a great bird that fain would fly,
Beats back in flakes of rainbow light
The crested waves swift fleeting by.

But ere we reach the magic Well
The glory fades across the seas ;
A wind from earth revokes thy spell,
A wind that moans and stirs the trees ;

I see their shadowy branches wave
Athwart my window in the gloom,
Scarce yet awake, while grey and grave
The light of morning fills the room.

Outside the sky is rose and gold
The dead moon slowly drifts away
My dream is done, for loud and bold
The dawn-lord sounds the trump of day.

ELLA YOUNG.

EARTH AND THE INFINITE.

By day the Dagda hunts afar,
While silent is each unseen star.
And Dana busied in her house,
Heeds not the absence of her spouse.
Till with the twilight he comes back,
Leaving a sunset in his track.
The Mother's voice speaks through her woods,
Her heart's thought is her solitudes.
The purple mist on vale and hill
Is her face leaning over the window sill.

By night, the rushlight moon is lit,
Together Dagda and Dana sit.
And then beyond where joy subsides,
Peace welleteth up on rippling tides.
In dreamy rivers flowing—Sleep
Unveils the vast mysterious deep.

GEORGE ROBERTS.

AMERGIN.

I buzz in the dizzy fly. I crawl in the creeping things.

I croak in the frog's throat, and fly on the bird's wings.

I play on the keys of the brain ; a thought goes here and there,

Bird or beast, it has bounds, but I am everywhere.

I dip in the pools of the rocks, the minnow plays with me,

Finned I am like a fish, and merry children are we.

At the dumb call of the darkness I go to the ocean's side,

I stand on the docile beach and bridle the eager tide.

The fretted waters I hold in the hollow of my hand :

From my heart go fire and dew, and the green and the brown land.

SUSAN L. MITCHELL.

DREAM AND SHADOW.

Your face has not the bloom I gave
My dream of you, my dream of you !
Your eyes have not her eyes' deep hue,
Nor has your hair the gold I wrought
Out of my dreams for head of her—
M Bhron ! I thought that dream sheen caught
From hair of you, from hair of you !
Pale lips, pale hair, 'tis not your fault :
A shadow of a dream are you !

PADRAIC COLUM.

THE SHADOWS.

O herdsman, driving your slow twilight flock
By darkening meadow and hedge and grassy
rath,
The trees stand shuddering as you pass by,
The suddenly falling silence is your path.

Over my heart the shadows too are creeping,
But on my heart for ever they will lie.
O happy meadow and trees and raths and
hedges,
The twilight and all its flock will pass you by.

SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN.

THE VIRGIN MOTHER.

Now Day's worn out, and Dusk has claimed
a share

Of earth and sky and all the things that be,
I lay my tired head against your knee
And feel your fingers smooth my tangled hair.

I loved you once, when I had heart to dare,
And sought you over many a land and sea ;

Yet all the while you waited here for me
In a sweet stillness, shut away from care.

I have no longing now, no dreams of bliss.

But drowsed in peace through the soft gloom

I wait

Until the stars be kindled by God's breath ;

For then you'll bend above me with the kiss

Earth's children long for when the hour grows
late,

Mother of Consolation, Sovereign Death.

ELLA YOUNG.

FROM THE PEAKS.

Dear Master, you have led me to the high white
peaks ;
Held by your sustaining still I climb ;
But the thought of the warm valley in my heart
speaks
Its memories all odorous of thyme.

And I look down with longing and lag behind,
And wrong the bright ones round me, till with
scorn
The stars shout reproaches to the weak one and
blind ;
Longing for the sunlight on the corn.

So let me take farewell now of a joy unfound,
The peace I have no part in is unrest.
I will nestle with the rabbits' brood in burrow
underground,
By the coo of the low wind caressed.

GEORGE ROBERTS.

THE WHITE WAVE FOLLOWING.

*Written on a voyage through the Hebrides. In
memory of M.A.*

Like the white wave following
Our ship through changing waters
The memory of your love is
In life that alters :
The clouds pass overhead,
And like clouds the islands
Flock up—and, hurrying on,
Float by on the blue of ocean ;
The sun goes, and the moon,
Along many mountains,
Amid changing stars,
Into Heaven uprolling,
New lochs and lands
In each hour illumines :
And all waves of the sea,
Tide-swept and wind-swayed
From morning unto night,
Move ceaselessly by us.

But against all winds
And all swift tide-races,
To all lochs and lands
And sea-girt lonely places,
Sunlit and moonlit,
Heaving and hollowing
Through wind-gleam, and glass-calm,
Comes one white wave following.

And like that white wave,
In the sunlit sound of Jura,
Like that wave, bright-crested,
Amid grey seas by Sanda,
On black rocks breaking
Around distant Rona,

Or in foam track fading
O'er a sea of slumber,
As we came from Canna
To Skye of your kindred :
Like that white wave, following
The ship through changing waters,
The memory of your love is
In life that alters.

ALICE MILLIGAN.

THE PRISONER OF LOVE.

Still, although I know our ways
Are divergent through all time,
Following love will shed its rays
On the path you choose to climb.

And your eyes my thought will meet
Shining in your guiding star ;
Flowers shall spring before your feet
From my brooding love afar.

But your voice I hear that cries,
" Oh ! the brambles trip my feet—
Oh ! the lights that blind my eyes.
When shall love and freedom meet ? "

GEORGE ROBERTS.

HOMELESS.

I asked for sunlight and a long long day
To build my little home ;
Setting an altar where my heart might lay
Fire ere the God should come.

I built my walls with patient carefulness
Secure and small, nor knew
A wild wind straying from the wilderness
Had sought their shelter too.

My heart woke up in storms ; my shelter sweet
In ruins fell apart.
Once more I go by cruel ways to meet
The ordeal of the heart.

SUSAN L. MITCHELL.

A DROVER.

To Meath of the Pastures,
From wet hills by the sea,
Through Leitrim and Longford
Go my cattle and me.

I hear in the darkness
Their slipping and breathing,
I name them the bye-ways
They're to pass without heeding.

Then the wet, winding roads,
Brown bogs with black water,
And my thoughts on white ships
And the King o' Spain's daughter !

O farmer, strong farmer,
You can spend at the fair,
But your face you must turn
To your crops and your care !

And soldiers, red soldiers,
You've seen many lands,
But you march two by two,
And by captain's commands.

O the smell of the beasts,
The wet wind in the morn,
And the proud and hard earth
Never broken for corn !

And the crowds at the fair,
The herds loosened and blind ;
Loud words and dark faces,
And the wild blood behind.

(O strong men with your best
I would strive breast to breast ;
I could quiet your herds
With my words, with my words.)

I will bring you, my kine,
Where there's grass to the knee,
But you'll think of scant croppings,
Harsh with salt of the sea.

PADRAIC COLUM.

TWILIGHT.

The sky is silver pale with just one star,
One lonely wanderer from the shining host
Of Night's companions. Through the drowsy
woods

The shadows creep and touch with quietness
The curling fern heads and the ancient trees.
The sea is all aglimmer with faint lights
That change and move as if the crystal prow
Of Naive cleft unseen its waveless floor,
And Naive stood there with the magic token,
The apple-branch with silver singing leaves.
The wind has stolen away as though it feared
To stir the fringes of her faery mantle
Dream-woven in the land of Heart's Desire :
And all the world is hushed as though she called
Ossian again, and no one answered her.

ELLA YOUNG.

AUTUMN.

O season of the withering of the leaves,
That seek their last repose on earth's cold breast,
O let me hear the sorrows of thy voice
Calling all things to loveliness and rest.

In thy soft clouds grown grey with misery,
Thy desolate branches flaunting the gaunt skies,
Surely there dwells a sweetness of despair
For lonely hearts and weary tear-stained eyes.

For dumbly dressed, in sober light arrayed,
Breathing a sudden mystery and fear,
The poms and pageants of eternity
Loom through the withering ritual of the year.

THOMAS KEOHLER.

THE GREY DUSK.

I.

Tremulous grey of dusk,
Deepening into the blue,
It is the path that leads
Ever to you.

Child of the dusk, your eyes
Quietly light my way,
Quiet as evening stars,
Quiet and grey.

All the magic of dusk,
Tremulous, grey and blue,
Gathers into my heart,
Quiet for you.

II.

Child, I thought that we two by some grey sea
Went walking very quietly, hand in hand,
By a grey sea along a silent strand,
And you had turned your eyes away from me
To where grey clouds, uplifted mightily,
Made on the far horizon a silver land,
And I would not recall your eyes to me,
Because I knew from your shy clasping hand
How joy within your heart, a wanderer long,
Outwearied now had come, a nesting bird,
And folded there his wings, too glad for song ;
And so I knew at last that you had heard
Through the long miles of grey sea-folding mist,
Soft as the breast of some glad nesting dove,
From grey lips grown articulate, twilight-kissed,
All the secret of my unuttered love.

SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN.

THE SUMMONS.

Wake from thy sloth, arise, O sleeper,
Wake, lest thy slumber grow yet deeper :
Lo I who call, I am thy keeper
Through the eternities.

And if thy trance can not be broken
By the loud challenge I have spoken,
Yet may I rouse thee by this token
Of thy divinity.

When I, the spirit all undying,
Wrestled with chaos,—thy soft crying
Bade me to pause and see there lying,
Child of my enterprise.

Now have the dreams of youth departed ;
Now once again must thou be started,
Filled with the strength of me strong-hearted,
On the unending quest.

THOMAS KEOHLER.

THE BELLS.

Ring, little bells, tormenting tunes,
Your peal calls up my scoffs and sneers ;
Lo, all the bitter words I've said
Come back and sting me while you ring.

O forest-bird, forget your songs,
No more build up with these a world
Of swaying trees and falling streams.
O forest-bird, with gold hairs bound,
Build up no more your forest-world,
With song caught from the trees and streams.

PADRAIC COLUM.

TO MAEVE.

Not for thee, O Maeve, is the song of the
Wandering Harper sung,
For men have put lies on thy lips, and treason
and shrieking fear ;
Because thou wert brave, they say thou wert
bitter and false of tongue :
They mock at thy weakness now, who once fled
from thy flaming spear.

Now thou art cold on the mountain, buried and
silent and blind,
Dumb as the hills and the stars, blind as the
waves of the sea.
A clatter of treacherous tongues goes railing
along the wind,
And many an evil thought is spoken in hatred
of thee.

Was it Fergus whose envious breath first cast
o'er thy shining name
A poison of venomous words in the midst of
the mourning host,
Till thy glory shone before them a wicked and
perilous flame,
And thy beauty seemed but a snare, thy valour
an empty boast?

They have buried thy golden deeds under the
cairn on the hill,
And no one shall sing of thy hero soul in the
days to come ;
For the sky is blue with silence, and the stars
are very still,
The sea lies dreaming about thee ; even the
mountains are dumb.

EVA GORE-BOOTH.

THE STAR OF KNOWLEDGE.

Thou hast the golden glory of the day
For trailing garment worn by women-folk,
And night about thee, like a purple cloak,
But evermore thy head is turned away ;
Austere thou goest where the starry spray
Beats on the verge of time with rythmic stroke.
Far off I follow, for my soul awoke
And knew thee passing without smile or stay.
Once face to face with thee Odysseus came
In the lone island when the gods had hurled
His ship to ruin on an alien sea :
And I may reach thee, Ashless Heart of Flame,
When I have wrecked for thee the narrow
world
Fate built about me, and my soul is free.

ELLA YOUNG.

THE HOUSE OF THE APPLE TREES.

NO. I.—AUGUST, 1901.

(Written on hearing that Ethna Carbery's home was to be at Revlin, Donegal, in the neighbourhood of scenes I had often described to her.)

I have heard where your home will be,
Between the harbour and the outer sea,
Where at calm flow of tide the shadows fall
Of the Abbey of Donegal,
The place most sacred of the world to me.
If I could tell you all:
If I could tell—but this you well may know
How at an hour of evening, years ago,
When summer day sombred to summer night
Through luminous twilight,
When the far gleam and fainter afterglow
Of sunset radiance high in heaven still
Made shine of water, with the Abbey Hill
Shadowed in it below,
I sat for long among the place of graves,
And heard the soft wind pass
Whispering along the grass,
As softly whispering came the wash of waves
Around that place of graves:
And all the joy of life and peace of death
Were one within me at the murmurous breath
Of that so softly moving summer air
Stirring about me there—
Such was my solemn dreaming, but not all
In the Abbey of Donegal.

Another day,
When hills were greening with the growth of
May,
I sailed beyond the Abbey to the sea,
And he whom you have chosen waked for me

The voices of the echo-answering hill,
And brought me to the island where is still
A garden grown to wildness in a wood
Around a silent hall of solitude,
And further where the surges of the bay
Whiten for leagues along a sanded shore
With sunlit flash and roar
I waded in the shallows long and late
Till came the boatmen's call we must not wait,
So we delayed no more :

Then since the outward ebb of tide was strong
In the mid-current's flowing,
On smoother waters ever winding in
Our boat was steered for rowing,
By base of hills bright with the fire of the whin,
And whitethorn walling all the lanes like snow,
And apple-boughs that shed their blossom on
The sunlit dazzle of a country lawn,
And lilac trees below.
I told you after of this flower-girt bay
(For you were far away)
In words like these, " The Kingdom of Heaven
may be
As beautiful—not more beautiful to me."

And now your home is here
Beyond the wood walk, by the water clear.
The branching apple trees
You write to tell us of, are surely these
That shed their blossom where I drifted by—
Snow from a sapphire sky.
And some day in the spring's delightful weather
I will be with you, we will see together
The hawthorn at its whitest, and the whin
In hills of living gold, and in the hedge
The fragrant pyres of lilac flower begin
Close by the water edge.

I was summoned. I am here
With those in all the world to her most dear ;
I had no welcome from Her when I came—
No blithe voice from the threshold called my
name,
No quick hand drew me in from the rain and
wind,
And shut the door behind,
And led me to the warmth of the leaping fire,
Whilst gay eyes sparkled keenly with desire
To hear me tell all “ strange adventures ” o’er,
Met since we talked before.
This was Her way of welcome still to me,
Such was our gladness who can never be
So merry any more.
But here is strangest quietness instead ;
Low voices—hushed about the lately dead,
Through the long night of waiting where she
died,
Whilst the woods roar outside,
And always, always on the window-pane,
Is heard the incessant clamour of the rain
Until the dawn. At dawn
Comes sudden stillness, and I walk upon
The hill-side sloping to the water edge ;
And o’er the Abbey of my solemn dreaming
See light of sunrise beaming,
But see no green upon the hawthorn hedge ;
The apple-trees upon her garden lawn
Stand gaunt and bare-branched in the shine of
dawn,
I know they will be beautiful in May,
But—She has gone away.

ALICE MILLIGAN.

THE ARMY OF THE VOICE.

You cannot take me, ah, I will not go—
To what strange turmoil would you carry me
On the strong wings of the enchanted bow?
The tides and surges of your savage sea
To my tired spirit are an agony.

Broken my wings indeed, I cannot fly,
I've lived in the low valley far too long.
My heart, tuned to the sea-bird's lonesome cry,
Can give no echo to your tireless song—
Voice of God's armies jubilant and strong.

To the great silences in dreams I go
Where my own mountains brood eternally,
World-old the heart I lean my heart unto:
Memories of battles won come back to me
Arming my soul for battles yet to be.

SUSAN L. MITCHELL.

GRASS OF PARNASSUS.

(Called by the country people "Star of Bethlehem.")

Ye who in old days dared to wander far
Beside the haunted springs of Hippocrene,
And ye, wise men, who followéd your star,
Look down on our pale land of gray and green ;
And see by these white tokens in the grass
Here too the footsteps of the Gods have been.
Yea, though the black smoke of the world can
mar
The vision sleeping in its magic glass,
Star-smitten still the hearts of wanderers are :
The moon sits thronéd in her silver car,
And in her shadow floating dimly seen
The great dreams smile upon us as they pass.

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EVA GORE-BOOTH.

THE SPIRIT OF SONG.

What though the last wild song of time
Were fluttering o'er with dying chime
Life's little sad futility ;
And all adown the pearly sky
Streamed angels' tones to multiply
In ceaseless mutability.

Yet would I fain employ my breath
In chanting as I strode to death,
Unsilenced midst fatalities,
The frail and precious things that pass,
That fade and die like summer grass,
Old earth's unsung regalities.

THOMAS KEOHLER.



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